MEDITATIONS VPON THE LORDS PRAYER.

Gal 85a

THE KEY OF HEAVENLY, AND EARTHLY PARADISE.

Ascendat oratio vt descendat gratia.

LONDON,
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1624.

MUSEUM
BRITANNICUM

TO THE MOST HIGH AND MIGHTIE PRINCESSE,

ELIZABETH, by the grace of God, Counteſſe Palatine of the Rhene, &c.

MOST GRACIOVS PRINCESSE,

IF prayer be the moſt honourable action which a Chriſtian can performe to his Creator, and heauenly Father; If it be the moſt comfortable; and profitable to the ſuppliant, and the Chriſtian Commonwealth; And if the Lords prayer of all other prayers be the moſt perfect, warrantable, and effectuall to aduance Gods honour for which we were created, and to procure the reliefe of our miſery, and the ſupply of our wants. I cannot but aſſure my ſelfe that the ground of theſe Meditations will be acceptable to your High-

nesse, howsoeuer my Meditations vpon the same Theme may seeme an vnworthy descant vpon so good a ground.

Notwithstanding hauing approached the highest throne with these poore presents, I am bold to offer the same to your Highnesse for earthly Patronage and acceptance, whereuntoI am the more incouraged by reason of your Highnesse most Honourable, constant, and Princely disposition, for if euer prosperity, and aduersitie haue conspired together to finde out, and try a constant temper, & moderation in your Highnesse sexe, it may be truly vndertaken, and affirmed, that your Highnesse is the true subiect and obiect of this age; and the transcendent mirrour in this kinde of many ages heretofore. What earthly honour may attend such honourable parts and indowments, no man can certainly diuine; but what heauenly happinesse it shall be crowned withall, wee may more then coniecture. The vncessant course of diuine Meditations, exercises and performances vpon no occasion pretermitted, nor intermitted by your Highnesse, hath drawne mee on to make render to your Highnesse of these Meditations of mine vpon the Lords prayer, being the truest ground of comfort and solace for a diuine soule confined a while to earth, her not proper element;

where

where an heauenly inflamed zeale may quicken our dull and drooping affections, to expatiate themſelues in an heauenly extaſie. And I doe much maruell that this taske hath not beene vndertaken in this kinde by ſome *Du Bartas*, who might erect an heauen on earth vpon this *Baſis*. If mine endeauour herein ſhall be accepted, and truly weighed, I ſhall receiue more addition of content, then your Highneſſe ſhall any addition of perfection hereby, and in that aſſurance I reſt,

Your Highneſſe vnknowne

and vnworthy ſeruant,

THOMAS GOKIN.

The Lords Prayer.

OVr Father which doeſt ſit on heauens high throne,
1. All praiſe, and glory be to thee alone,
2. As Soueraigne King raigne thou for euer Lord,
3. Vnto thy ſacred will let vs accord,
As in the heauens thy glorious Angels doe,
Which ready are to bow and ſtoope thereto.
4. To vs poore pilgrimes giue our daily foode,
Supply our wants by thee beſt vnderſtood.
5. Our bankrupt ſtate who onely canſt releeue,
Acquit our debts, as others we forgiue.
6. Oh lead vs not, nor leaue vs to temptation,
Leaſt with diſgrace we faint, and leaue our ſtation;
But ſhield vs from that reſtleſſe euill one,
Which ouer vs would haue dominion.
For vnto thy ſole ſcepter all muſt bend,
Thine is all rule, powre, glory without end.
So be it (Lord) and let all ſay, Amen.

MEDITATIONS VPON THE LORDS PRAYER.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Our Father.

BVt why? Oh why ſhould we thee Father call,
Which haue no worth, nor loue in vs at all?
No ſooner were we made, but we forſooke
Thy dread command, and ſoone our ſelues betooke
Vnto thy vaſſall and our deadly foe,
Which ſtill endeauours to contriue our woe.
Since when our natures haue ſo tainted beene,
That euery age hath our rebellion ſeene.
Our fancies and conceits were euill ſtill;
Our ſullen thoughts repugnant to thy will.
The firſt man borne through enuy ſlue his brother,
And ſince no man is conſtant to another.
If to our ſelues we might but conſtant be,
From miſery ſometimes we might be free.
But we within our ſelues doe alwaies iarre,
And in our thoughts maintaine inteſtine warre.
For ſince we haue thy compaſſe Lord forſaken,
And into Labarinths our ſelues betaken,

How

How can it be, but that we wander euer?
And to our silly selues be constant neuer?
The earth hath groan'd to beare our worthlesse waight,
The sea hath swell'd t' indure so foule a fraight.
Sometimes the fire, sometimes the waters haue
Consum'd vs all, saue those whom thou wouldst saue:
And they suruiuing did thee soone forget,
Their late deliuerance did new sinnes beget.
And since the best haue beene thus strangely fraile,
Shall we thee Father call, and so preuaile?
No, no, not so, vile and presumptuous men
Which care not how we sleight thee (Lord) nor when.
Thus (Lord) and more then thus we may complaine
Against our selues with horror, and restraine
To call thee Father. Yet O giue vs leaue
To call thee so, and not our selues bereaue,
Of what thy fauour and thy mercy gaue vs;
Since by the same thy pleasure is to saue vs.
And since our Sauiour thus to pray directs vs,
No spots, nor staines, nor Satan shall deiect vs.
If we like prodigals haue spent our times,
Our portions and our selues in foulest crimes;
In whoredome, pride, with riot and the like;
When we repent thou wilt forbeare to strike:
And like a tender hearted Father take vs
Into thine house, and armes, and not forsake vs.
For thou (O Lord) didst frame vs, and didst see,
What fraile and silly creatures we should be.
And hast by tryall and experience found,
That without thee we fall vnto the ground.
So that thy glory great doth shine most cleare,
When to such wretches thou doest kinde appeare,

And

And doſt inuite vs to thy ſacred throne,
With promiſe graciouſly to heare our moane.
Our Father then to thee we will appeale,
To onely thee we will our ſelues reueale:
Relying ſtill by ſtedfaſt faith on thee,
That thou art iuſt, and wilt not wauering be,
And that thou preſent art in euery place,
And that there's nothing hidden from thy face.
Oh let thy ſacred Spirit inſpire vs ſtill,
To pray and doe according to thy will.
Firſt, let vs ſtriue to glorifie thy Name,
And let our ſoules, hearts, tongues extoll the ſame,
And let vs ſeeke thy kingdome, and thy will;
Then for our ſelues our vowes thou wilt fulfill.
And bleſſed Sauiour, which mad'ſt man thy brother,
B'aſſuming fleſh from thy pure virgin mother;
By whom likewiſe our God, we Father call,
Preferre our ſuits, when we before him fall.
Both for our ſelues and others let vs pray,
Since thou Our Father willedſt vs to ſay.
And as Our Father, with thy Sonne, thy Spirit,
Ioyne all in one to ſaue without our merit:
So let thy Church diſperſed ioyne in this,
To pray Our Father for each others bliſſe.
Thou art our head (Lord) we thy members are,
Though ſo to be we are vnworthy farre.
Oh let vs not frame any alteration
From thy ſet rule of holy adoration,
But to Our Father onely let vs bow,
And let vs Saints and Angels diſauow:
They cannot ſee our thoughts, nor try our hearts,
Nor view th' vnſoundneſſe of our inward parts;

They

They cannot know truth from hypocrifie,
The outward man they onely can eſpy:
Nor can they certifie our Father deare
Of ought which vnto him did not appeare.
Let's call on him, on whom we doe beleeue,
And not on them which can vs not releeue.
And though Our Father know what we muſt haue,
What's fit for vs before we aske or craue:
Yet doeſt thou bid vs (Lord) ſhew forth our loue,
Our faith, zeale, duty vnto him aboue,
Before whoſe face if we our hearts poure out,
We calme tumultuous paſsions in a rout.
Let him be loadſtone of our beſt deſires,
The kindler and maintainer of pure fires.
Nor let deſpaire nor feare the ſame extinguiſh,
When that our ſoules our bodies ſhall relinquiſh;
Nor when they ſhall againe vnited be,
When we Our Fathers glorious face ſhall ſee.
Till when, be Lord, our onely Mediator,
Vnto Our Father and the worlds Creator;
To whom our ſelues let vs addreſſe, and pray
By thee our onely Sauiour, and ſay;

lowed be name. *Our Father which doeſt ſit on heauens high throne,*
All praiſe and glory be to thee alone.

Our Father, where, or how ſhall we begin?
Thou high and pure, we deeply fraught with ſin:
Can we the organs be to ſound thy praiſe,
Which chain'd to earthly clogs can no way raiſe
Our thoughts on high beyond our earthly leuell;
We cannot rouſe our ſelues but when we reuell,
In anticke pleaſures, or in fond delights,
Or when we feede our eyes with pleaſing ſights.

When

When we to thee do pray we feare like blockes;
When thou to vs doeſt ſpeake we ſtand like ſtockes.
We haue no ſence of thy great loue or powre,
Or that the zeale of thee ſhould vs deuoure.
Wee neede not feare. Wee vnderſtand thee not,
No, nor our ſelues; we are the ſtaine and blot
Of all thy workmanſhip: for we recoile
When we ſhould doe our charge, and alwayes ſoile
Our beſt performance with ſome muddy thought,
What ſhall we ſay (Lord) we are worſe then nought?
From the firſt mooving ſpheare vnto earths center
All creatures faile thee not, but man dares venture
To ſtray and wander like a blazing ſtarre,
Foreſhewing troubles, change, dearth, death and warre.
Thou lookedſt downe from heauen thy ſtatefull throne,
And doing good thou didſt behold not one.
We haue our naturall corruption within,
Which ſince our fall is alwayes prone to ſinne:
We haue the world without vs, and the Diuell
To draw and lead vs to a world of euill.
We are not worth the ſilly widowes mite;
How canſt thou then in our poore gifts delight?
Tis true (O Lord) the widowes gift was ſmall,
A leſſer gift could not be giuen at all:
Yet was the mite accepted well from her,
Which beeing poore did all ſhe had conferre:
But we haue nothing good no not a motion,
Nor one poore drop of grace but from thine Ocean.
And all our ſtore is but meere pouerty,
Except thine all-ſufficient grace ſupply.
But ſo ſupplied, Thou takeſt recreation
In one good thought, or one eiaculation.

Our

Our poore endeauors and desires of good
By thee as reall acts are vnderstood;
Our Father then we may thee iustly call,
Our treasure, King, our Lord, our All in all.
Let three in one be ioyn'd in adoration,
As three in one were in the worlds creation.
Then let vs courage take, and mount on high,
And see what in the heau'ns we can espie:
What characters of thy great Name
Doe there aduance thy worthy fame.
But let vs breath and rest our selues a while;
We oft are spent in walking of a mile,
But many thousands now our soules must fly,
And touch the heau'ns with humane modesty.
For since it pleas'd thee (Father) to descend
To our conceits, let vs to thee ascend.
And since thou hast three spatious heauens framed,
The aiery, starry, and imperiall named:
Let's rouse and raise our selues the best we can,
To see, and say what thou hast done for man.
And when thy great and worthy works we know,
We cannot chuse but praise on thee bestow.
For thou (O Lord) hast gin'n vnto mans eye
A nerue beyond all creatures to looke high,
And view the heau'ns, all thy flagrant lights,
Without the which there were eternall nights.
In passing from the earth vnto the Moone,
The lower heauens giue vs (O Lord) thy Boone,
And let vs not transcend these lower parts,
But that we may apply them to our hearts.
Here hast thou made a place for winged creatures,
Of seuerall colours, quantities and features,

Where-

Whereof ſome pleaſe our taſte, and ſome our ſight,
And ſome with tunes our curious eares delight.
To know their kindes and numbers none are able,
Which with variety doe ſerue our table.
For this thy prouidence Our Father deare
Let praiſe and thankfulneſſe in vs appeare.
But let vs diue into conſideration,
How that the ayre affoordeth reſpiration,
And giueth breath to euery liuing thing,
That liues on earth, or mooues it ſelfe on wing.
Of which if thou ſhouldſt vs one houre depriue,
To praiſe thy name not one would be aliue.
Then let vs praiſe thy Name, which didſt abaſe
Thy ſelfe to make for vs a breathing ſpace.
And as the ayre doth coole our lungs and hearts:
So let thy Spirit helpe our inward parts,
Which being entertain'd by vs in prayer,
Is like our bodies breathing in the the ayer.
Beſides thou mad'ſt the ayre ſo pure and cleare,
That things farre off, as preſent doe appeare:
Which doth affoord great comfort to the minde,
When thus our Father we thy fauour finde.
The very fiſhes likewiſe ioy herein,
When neare the top of waters they doe ſwim:
And when they often dart themſelues from thence
Their proper element and chiefe defence,
With princely Dolphin, Porpiſe, and the Salmon,
This property is vſuall and common.
For when with th' ayre they play and take their ſolace,
The fiſhers ey's directed to the place,
Where he may caſt his net, his hooke or dart,
Theſe ſcaly ſhoales to ouertake by art.

But

But now to leaue the watry lower ſtations,
Ordain'd by thee for fiſhes habitations,
And for the Nauigators to tranſport
Each countries merchandiſe from port to port:
Let vs admire the waters in the skie,
Which from the ſpongy clouds thou doeſt ſupply,
To nouriſh all the earth in fitteſt ſeaſon,
As in thy wiſedome thou conceiueſt reaſon,
Without the which the earth would barren be,
As we in times of drought may plainely ſee.
So that no where we can direct our eye,
But that thy power and goodneſſe we eſpy,
And ſtill may praiſe thee in the heau'ns aboue,
Wherein thou ſhew'ſt thy glory and thy loue.
Beſides, the Sunne from fennes, lakes, ſeas and riuers,
Drawes vp ſuch moiſture, as he ſoone deliuers
Vnto the earth by moiſtning dewes, to cheriſh
All vegetable plants, that els would periſh,
Refreſhing that which windes or heate haue dried:
As thou thy ſeruants, whom thou haſt eſpied
Scorcht with ſome outward or ſome inward flame,
When they wax faint, and call vpon thy Name:
Thou doeſtallay their griefes, and coole their ſoules,
Becauſe there's none that thy great power controules.
Then doe they praiſe thy ſacred Name therefore,
Being farre more conſtant then they were before.
So that twixt thee and vs there's ſtrict dependance:
Our need craues prayer, prayer thy defendance.
This gets our thanks, our thanks thy loue againe,
Thy loue our hearts; this is the golden-chaine.
This is the golden-chaine of faith and loue,
Whereby we grapple with our Lord aboue;

And wraſtle with the ſacred Deity.
(An high gradation from our miſery)
So from the froſt our frozen thoughts may riſe
To thee our Father, and wee may aduiſe First
Our ſelues, and others moe not to paſſe ouer
The good of froſts. For wee may well diſcouer
What profit it doth bring vnto our ſeeming
To th'earth by reſting it from too much teeming:
The fatteſt ſoyle is ſpent with often ſowing;
The richeſt meadow with perpetuall mowing.
Fruit trees hereby doe reſt themſelues from bearing,
Their ſappe deſcends, all greeneneſſe quite forbearing
Vntill the Spring when *Phoebus* doth approach
At thy ſet time to warme them with his torch.
The froſt likewiſe doth kill the wormes and ſnayles;
So much the fields and gardens it availes.
Beſides the froſts the noyſome humors ſpend
When they the great, or little world offend.
But when the nipping cold doth grow ſo ſtrong,
That it too much the graſſe and corne doth wrong;
Great ſtore of ſnowy feathers downe doe fall
Vntill the earth bee couered therewithall.
And ſtill this couering doth endure the longer, Snow
By how much more the peircing cold's the ſtronger, winde
So for the windes to prayſe thee wee are bound,
Whereby the Seamen firſt of all haue found
Kingdomes and countreys, which are farre remote,
To which without the windes they could not floate:
For euery Sea-man by experience findes
That there are two and thirty ſeuerall windes
Which fill the ſailes of euer barke on ſeas
As skilfull pilots or the Maſters pleaſe

To ſhape their courſe: for time doth ſtil produce
Windes ſeruing all men for their ſeuerall vſe.
From this thy goodnes doth the prouerbe grow
No winde there is but good to ſome doth blow.
And wee may learne this rule of wiſedome hence
To ſtay thy leiſure, nor haue in ſuſpence
Thy promiſe and thy word, when with all ſpeed
Thou doeſt not ſeeme to helpe vs at our neede;
And that wee may bee patient till the end,
When to thy glory and our good thou ſend
Th' accompliſhment of what wee duely craue,
Whereby our ſilly ſoules thou oft doeſt ſaue.
For diuers men how happy had it beene
If honour, pleaſure, wealth they had not ſeene?
Till reaſon and religion had them ſchooled,
Shewing how thouſands haue by theſe beene fooled.
Beſides theſe qualityes of windes to driue
Or bring the ſaylors where they would arriue:
They doe much eaſe in cooling th' aire below;
Beſt welcome to the torrid zone wee know.
Thy coole Eteſian windes how they relieue vs,
When as thy Sunne his ſcorching heat doth grieue vs.
All men doe know, doe feele, and muſt confeſſe
That thou art prone our ſorrowes to redreſſe.
The windes beſides doe purge from all infection,
Whereto the aire is alwaies in ſubiection:
So that the plague doth commonly refraine
The hilly places and the champion plaine,
Where windes free intercourſe haue at their willes,
And are not checkt by mountaines, woods or hilles.
The windes likewiſe doe keepe in reſtleſſe motion
All open riuers, and the briny Ocean,

Whereby the billowes will not yce endure,
And fiſhes may enioy their breathing pure.
For if the yce the ſea ſhould ouerſpread,
There in ſhort time the fiſhes would bee dead.
As in calme fiſh-ponds we may plainely ſee,
Where without helpe th'indwellers ſmoothered be.
Thus did thy prouidence fore-ſee each thing,
Which to thy creatures might annoyance bring.
And ſince the profit doth to vs redound,
Well tuned heart-ſtrings ſhall thy prayſes ſound.
As for the haile-ſtones, whirle-windes and the thunder,
And earth-quakes to awake vs when we ſlumber
Forgetting thee a midſt our iollity,
Sacrifiſing to our ſelues, and not to thee;
Theſe, and thoſe fell Man-hating legions,
Which haue their reſidence in th'aery regions,
Thoſe might inforce, if fauours cannot ſway vs,
To pray Our Fathers ayde, leaſt they ſhould ſlay vs.
But let vs feare thee as thy ſonnes ſhould doe,
And not as ſeruants bound and ſworne thereto.
Thou art our Father and our Lord aboue,
Wee onely owe to thee our feare and loue:
Thou haſt preſeru'd vs oft without our ſuite,
Thou haſt ſupply'd vs, when our ſelues were mute:
What wouldſt thou doe if wee would fall before thee,
And as thine Angels and thy Saints adore thee?

Aſcribing praiſe eternally
Vnto thy ſacred Deity.

Now hauing paſs'd the aery regiment, The ſec
From th'earth vnto the ſtarry heau'ns extent: heauen.

Its ſtrange the Moone ſhould bee one of the leaſt
Of all the ſtarres when ſhee is moſt increaſt.
Our Father helpe our reaſon and our ſight,
Our eyes cannot behold the radiant light
Of one celeſtiall creature. Can wee then
Conceiue the reſt? It is no taske for men:
Their number and their quantity ſo great
Their whirling courſe ſo ſpeedy and compleat:
Their influence, and ſeuerall effects,
And how t' inferiour things they giue reſpect;
Theſe and the like, blinde Battes wee cannot ſee,
Except by thee our eyes inlightned bee.
The heauen of heauens too little is for thee,
The leaſt of all too great for ſuch as wee.
Remooue then (Lord) our vaile of ignorance,
That we may know thine honour to aduance.

Moon

All hayle great Miſtreſſe of our weale below
Which on all creatures fauour doeſt beſtow,
The Lord our Father hath inabled thee
On ſea, and land a foſtering nurſe to bee
As in thy courſe thou doeſt decline, our riſe,
The ſurging ſeas with thee doe ſympathize,
Phœbe doth viſite Hauens, Ports, Creekes and Bayes,
And giues them ebbes and flouds by nights and dayes
At certaine houres, wherein ſhee doth not miſſe:
Hee is no Mariner that knowes not this.
As on the rowling ſtones moſſe doth not grow:
So no corruption where ſeas ebbe and flow.
Which is the cauſe that fiſhes multiply
Beyond all creatures vnderneath the skye.
Not o're the ſea alone ſhee hath great power,
But on the land likewiſe. No plant, nor flower

Nor tree, nor hearbe, nor foule, nor beaſt, nor men,
Nor women, nor ought elſe that we may ken.
But taketh comfort, Iuice and vertue from her,
Which to that end thou didſt beſtow vpon her.
Phyſitions hold a counſell round about her,
Chyrurgions will not ope a vaine without her.
By her the plowman knowes beſt times to ſow:
So doth the Gardener when his plants will grow.
The Mariners foreſee a ſtorme at hand,
When a blacke circle doth about her ſtand.
(So may we learne (Deare Father) when the light
Doth ſhine moſt cleare, yet we are darke as night,
A tempeſt ſhall enſue, and ouertake vs,
And farre more circumſpect hereafter make vs.
The quantitie of *Phœbe* we may deeme
By the compariſon of things here ſeene.
Threeſcore miles off huge mountaines ſeeme but ſmall,
An hundred miles they ſcarce are ſeene at all.
What may we then conceiue of *Cynthia* high?
Which many thouſand miles we may eſpie?
If we ſuppoſe an *Atlas* high there were
A globe which might an hundred miles appeare:
We cannot thinke but that the globe muſt bee
Foure furlongs round, or it we cannot ſee.
And if foure hundred miles require but one
Two thouſand fiftie ſerue a million.
So that her greatneſſe may be well diſcerned
Euen by the ignorant and moſt vnlearned.
Beſides the greatneſſe of the Moone is ſeene,
When *Phœbus* and the earth thee comes betweene.
Making the Sunnes eccliſpe by interpoſing,
And his bright rayes a little while oppoſing.

But at all other times shee makes amends,
When in the night his light to vs shee sends.
For when the Sunne hath pass'd our hemispheare,
Shee in the night a lightsome torch doth beare.
So doe the other planets, and the starres
Supply bright *Phœbus* absence, when he barres
Our eyes of his great light vntill the morne,
When with his beames the world he doth adorne.
(So doest thou (blessed Father) worlds Creator,
So doest thou (Lord) our onely Mediator,
So doest thou sacred Comforter most high,
By seuerall meanes our want of meanes supply;
For as the Sunne giues light vnto the Moone
And all the starres, then shee and they as soone
Set off that light, and influence bestow
On man and other creatures here below:
So doest thou Father by thy blessed Sonne
Conuey to vs thy fauour, this being done
The holy Spirit applies his ayde vnto vs,
Subduing flesh, world, fiend which would vndoe vs.)
Bright *Phœbus* twelue times *Phœbe* doth exceede
In height and course, nor euer shall we neede
To lay more grounds of demonstration,
Then this alone for information,
One moneth for her full course doth serue the Moon
To passe the Zodiacke where shee first begun:
Full twelue moneths space doth but suffice the Sunne
His naturall course and compleate race to runne.
Our Father deare what shall we thinke or say
Of these thy workes? lets praise thy name for aye,
Still wondering at thy power and wisedome high
In what we know: the rest with curious eye

We may not ſearch, leaſt as the ſilly gnat,
We burne our wings, when we doe ayme thereat.
If we but thinke how ſwiftly *Phœbus* flyes,
How many millions in one houre he hyes
When with his light, and heate he viſits all
The ſpacious heau'ns, and earths poore little ball:
Whereby all creatures proſper, and doe grow
Vnto our vſe; as we doe feele and know.
What ſhall we thinke of worthieſſe *Adams* race,
Which with thy workes and fauour thou doeſt grace?
How much the Angels are more pure then wee,
So much the more thy goodneſſe we may ſee.
They ready are at all times to obay.
We from thy precepts ſeuerall waies doe ſtray.
Nor can we chuſe. Oh let vs praiſe thee then,
Who art ſo good and gratious vnto men.
Our Father ſhall we dare approach thy ſeate, Empyr
Thine high Empyriall heau'n, which is repleat Heauen
With glorious Saints and Angels of bright hew,
As on mount Thabor was our Lord in view?
If thy conuerted ſeruant were conuay'd S. Pau
Vnto this throne of thine, where were diſplay'd
Such ſights, and mirreurs, ioyes and happineſſe
As heart could not conceiue, nor tongue expreſſe;
We cannot comptehend, but muſt admire
Thy glorious pallace, and with firme deſire
Expect with patience till we are diſſolued,
And till we are amongſt thy Saints inuolued,
VVhere we with heauenly quires ſhall praiſe thy name;
Meane while on earth let vs aduance the ſame,
Beginning in this vale of miſery
VVhat in vs lyes t'aduance thy name on high:

But thou oh Lord, hast bid vs daily pray
That thou on earth mayest be our King for aye:
And then we neede not feare that serpent fell
Nor all his Complices in th'aire, or hell;
They cannot meddle with a silly swine,
VVithout thy leaue, without a graunt of thine.
Tis true he made vs fall, but on thine hand,
So doe we daily, yet thou mak'st vs stand,
And stand more firmely then we did before;
O let vs praise thy sacred name therefore.
And let vs striue out of deserued loue
To stoope to thee, and honour thee aboue
All earthly powers, and principalities,
VVhich are but motes to thy regalities.
VVhich if they be misled by foolish fires
Or stray from thee through grosse and fond desires,
Conuert them (Father) if it be thy pleasure
Or let them not deprine vs of that treasure,
VVhich doth excell pure gold, as gold doth drosse;
VVhich if we loose, our greatest gaine is losse.
Thy Kingdome come not onely that of power,
VVhich neuer fayl'd one minute of an houre;
But that of Grace, whereby thy Christ our Lord
Doth frame vnto his Spirit and holy Word.
VVherein the deuill, world and our corruption,
Doth daily hinder vs with interruption.
Our Kingly Father tis not for thine honour
T'indure affronts by such as thee dishonour.
Tis not for Sathan to infringe thy power
And take thy faithfull prisoners euery houre.
And with *Alarums* still to trouble those,
VVhich in thy patronage their truth repose.

No

No King, no Prince, no Father will inure
His ſubiects, ſeruants, ſonnes ſuch wrongs t' indure.
It ſeemes th' vnrighteous Mammon beares the ſway,
And that th' inferiour world doth him obay:
As if the world, which daily we behold,
Were made for man, and man to be controul'd
By thoſe proud Angels fallen from heau'ns throne,
Vpon the earth to domineere alone.
Ariſe our King, our Prince, our Father deare,
Let vs thy ſubiects, ſeruants, ſonnes appeare,
And not as ſtrangers. We on thee depend.
Reigne in vs Lord, and euer vs defend.
Repell our ghoſtly foes from trenching on vs,
Let not their battery diſcharge vpon vs.
So being freed from bondage, and from feare,
The better zeale and courage we may beare,
To doe thy will reuealed in thy Word,
And that we may vnto the ſame accord;
As in the heauens thy bleſſed Angels doe,
Which ready are to ſtoope, and bend thereto.
Or thy triumphant glorious kingdome come;
Then ſhall thy will for euermore be done.
Twere happy if that men could doe thy will,
As Angels doe the ſame in heauen fulfill.
If we could doe thy will and baniſh vice,
We here ſhould haue an earthly paradiſe:
And we ſhould ſtriue to haue the vpper hand
Of Saints and Angels, which about thee ſtand.
The Angels cannot call thy Sonne their brother;
Nor thee their Father, nor the Church their Mother.
But Father thou doeſt know how weake we are,
And that to them we are inferiour farre.

All things were made vnto this glorious end,
The very wicked hitherto muſt tend,
Which are reſerued for the day of euill
To ſuffer with thine enemy the deuill.
Our Father let vs chuſe the actiue part
And ſtriue to honour thee in deede and heart.
And howſoeuer thou art infinite
In pow'r, and preſence euery where alike:
Yet in the heauens thy glory moſt doth ſhine,
And there thou wilt reueale thy ſelfe to thine.
Heauen is thy throne, the earth thy foot ſtoole is,
In heauen we hope to reſt with thee in bliſſe.
The heauens then our rendezuous muſt be,
To muſter vp our prayers vnto thee.
VVe ſhall not neede to goe on pilgrimage
To Saints, nor Idols, nor our vowes ingage
To crucifixes, croſſes, and the like
VVhich doth at thine high honour mainely ſtrike.
Heauen is the place made happy by thy preſence,
VVhere Saints and Angels yeeld thee due obeyſance:
So that we muſt this perfect patterne follow,
Leaſt our owne fantaſies our zeale may ſwallow,
And ſo we looſe the benefit of prayer,
And all our babling vaniſh into ayer.
VVe muſt not poare vpon an earthly thing,
VVhen vnto thee Our Father we doe bring
Our ſacrifice of praiſe, or thankes, to celebrate
Thy glorious name, and our hearts eleuate
Beyond all earthly fictions and toyes,
Which too too much our Chriſtian world annoyes:
That we may pray that thou in vs may'ſt raigne,
And that we doe not pray to thee in vaine

Thy Kingdome come. (O Lord) why ſhouldſt not thou 2. P
Raigne euery where ſince all to thee muſt bow? on.
Where (Lord) in heau'n or earth art thou a ſubiect?
What creature euer did thy yoke reiect?
From th'higheſt heauens vnto the earth below
VVhat is there extant, but thou doeſt beſtow
All what it hath, yea and the being to?
Can any one what thou haſt done vndoe?
No, no, there's none, there's non but we, that ſtand
Perdu, againſt thy power and high command.
VVhat reaſon haue we? we can no way ſhun
Thy deepe diſpleaſure. Thy law muſt be done
If not by vs, it muſt be done vpon vs,
And heauy puniſhment thou wilt lay on vs.
Tis ſtrange to thinke, that man ſhould be thus ſtraunge,
Which beares thine image, thus from thee to range.
VVhen all celeſtiall creatures keepe their round,
And doe not vary one poore inche of ground:
Nor land nor ſeas, nor ought that is therein
From Whales and Elephants vnto the ſmalleſt thing:
Which were it not, would make a reuolution
And of the world a finall diſſolution.
Our Father thou did'ſt not firſt make man ſo,
That he againſt thee Lord of hoaſts ſhould goe.
Thou madeſt him good, as all thy creatures were,
And falling could he not one day forbeare?
If ſubtill Sathan had a ſpight t'vndoe him,
Thou might'ſt haue giu'n an antydote vnto him.
But we are tainted, and he hath preuailed
And euery day and houre we are aſſayled
T'abandon thy defence, and doubtfull ayde
Whereof he makes vs oftentimes afraide.

But

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That thou on earth mayest be our King for aye:
And then we neede not feare that serpent fell
Nor all his Complices in th'aire, or hell;
They cannot meddle with a silly swine,
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But Father thou doeſt know how weake we are,
And that to them we are inferiour farre.

The
Petit

While

While we remaine as pilgrims here below,
We cannot doe our duty which we owe.
For since our father *Adams* first defection,
We still haue had a naturall infection,
Whereby we neuer could performe that good
That we desir'd, but alwayes were withstood,
Both by our inward and our outward foes;
Which euermore thy sacred will oppose:
Against the which we often-times haue prayed,
And doe not feele their vigour quite allayed,
So that to execute thy blessed will
It lies not in our power, nor in our skill;
Yet must we pray that we may doe thy will,
As heauenly Angels doe the same fulfill.
Although our actions cannot perfect be,
Yet are we sure that thou our hearts doest see;
When with all willingnesse and faithfulnesse,
Our poore endeauours we striue to expresse:
Though in the substance we doe often faile,
Yet in some circumstance we may preuaile.
Oh let vs still subscribe vnto thy will,
Although it doe not our desires fulfill:
And to our selues let vs not arrogate,
But from our power rather derogate.
This is the best, which best of men performe;
Nor can we otherwise our selues conforme:
And yet herein we must thy grace implore,
Else can we not so much thy will adore.
Here giue vs leaue t' admire thy matchlesse fauour,
Which thou doest beare to vs of vile behauiour:
And let vs waile our poore and desperate state,
If thou our misery should'st not abate;

Who

Who can refraine to poure out floods of teares,
That man, which ſtill thy ſtamp and image beares;
Should beare within his breaſt a ſinke of ill,
Which ſhould corrupt his fancy and his will,
And putrifie euen all the beſt we can?
What creature's ſo vnhappy as poore man?
For when he fell from his firſt happy ſtate,
His former happineſſe thou didſt abate.
And when we enter this our world of woes,
We enter crying, and hereby diſcloſe,
That many miſeries ſhall vs befall,
From loweſt ſhrubs vnto the Cedars tall:
Naked we enter, naked we depart.
Our life is ſhort, and yet maintain'd by Art,
How many dangerous diſeaſes grow
Vpon our bodies, all Phyſitions know;
And daily we haue tryall to our griefe,
That ſome diſeaſes hardly haue reliefe.
But if diſeaſes doe not take vs ſhort,
And that we ſafely come vnto the port
Of wayward age: we get nought hereby,
But the protracting of our miſery.
What man did euer breath, that could eſteeme
Himſelfe ſo happy, as ſome fooles did deeme?
What we would doe, or haue, or would haue done
We oft diſlike before we haue begunne.
But if we doe perſiſt in any courſe,
We ſtill are iealous that we tooke the worſe
And left the better. For to preſent things
Inconſtancy ſtill diſcontentment brings.
The higheſt Monarch, and the worlds commander
Cannot command himſelfe, nor *Alexander*.

Could

Could rest content with one whole world entire;
So vaſt and bottomleſſe is mans deſire.
And reaſon good; for can our ſoules diuine,
Finde ſound contentment in an earthly ſhrine?
What *Craſſus* and what *Cræſus* can deuiſe,
They alwayes wiſh, their owne cannot ſuffice.
And though their wealth whole armies could maintain
Yet could it not their liquoriſh thoughts containe.
Since then (Our Father) our vncertaine will
Is like our fancies, wauering, reſtleſſe ſtill:
Where ſhall we finde content but in thy pleaſure,
Which doth exceed all pomp and worldly treaſure?
Thy will is pure, and pleaſing to the ſoule;
Ours, ſad repentance euer doth controule.
Whoſe ſoule vouchſafes to worſhip none but thee?
Who from profane idolatry is free?
Who doth adore thy Name not vainely ſwearing?
Hallowing thy Sabbaths, worldly works forbearing?
Who doth his parents honour? doth not murder?
Commit adultery? ſteale? nor periure?
Not coueting his neighbours houſe, nor wife,
Nor man, nor maid, nor oxe, nor aſſe, his life
Is heauenly bred, although on earth he breath;
And vnto him a crowne thou doeſt bequeth.
His conſcience daily bids him to a feaſt,
His thoughts are calme, ſo are his ioyes encreaſt;
For ſtill our good, thy precepts doe containe,
And to performe the ſame it is our gaine.
O let not then the Serpent haue his will
Thee to diſhonour, and beguile vs ſtill:
Let him not ſteale away thy precepts from vs;
And lay his changeling counterfeits vpon vs.

If thou preserue, our safety is thine honour:
If we be left, our hazzard's thy dishonour.
Thy will to doe must be our daily taske,
How can we know the same through Satans maske?
Oh helpe, now helpe thy Christian congregation,
Gainst which he hath ingaged every Nation.
How many gods in every place there are,
By them set vp thy worship to debarre?
Their holy-daies are duly kept and hallowed:
Thy Sabbaths are by base neglect quite swallowed.
New Saints are made, and holy reliques for them,
No peace there is to them that doe abhorre them.
The holy Inquisition doth pursue
All those, which will not stoope, and still renew
Their adoration to their vpstart gods:
Thus Satan setteth all the world at oddes.
Thy sacred will he labours to conceale,
Lest by the light thereof we should reueale
The daily vndermining of the same.
(Our kingly Father) now aduance thy Name.
O vindicate thy true reuealed will
From Satans malice: and teach vs the skill,
These workes of darknesse how to know and shun:
So shall thine heauenly blessed will be done.
From praying for thy glory, kingdome, will,
Requiring zeale, loyalty, power and skill,
To wish, obay, to know and doe this taske,
Which we haue alwaies need of thee to aske;
Our daily wants doe put vs still in minde,
To craue thy daily fauour, when we finde
Our selues oppressed in body or in minde.

The Petitio

And

And here (Our kingly Father) giue vs leaue
T' admire thy power and goodneſſe, and to cleaue
Vnto the ſame; for they are infinite
Like to thy ſelfe: all other things are finite.
For all our Kings, whom thou haſt plac'd below,
By tedious queſt their ſubiects wants do know:
Some will not know them if they croſſe their pleaſure,
Or doe abate the leaſt dram of their treaſure.
Their officers and fauourites about them
Will not endure that ought done without them;
Who haue their rivolets to bring in gaine,
Which often are diuerted from the maine.
So that the publike falleth to the ground,
Before it hath the ſafeſt paſſage found:
But priuate ſuppliants how are they ſpent,
Before they come halfe way to their intent?
There's no ſound hope of ſublunary things
Vpheld by earthly Emperours and Kings.
But through thine Empire both by ſea and land,
Thou tak'ſt our ſuits into thy ſacred hand;
A thouſand thouſand millions at once
Thou doeſt peruſe, not baulking for the nonce
One word or thought, but thou didſt long foreſee,
Before we could exhibite it to thee.
Oh matchleſſe mirror of vnknowne perfection,
Which cheareſt all things by thy Sunnes reflection,
In this our breathing and our ſeeing element,
Whereby thy creatures grow vnto our aliment.
We cannot chuſe but honour thee for this,
And all thy bounty, which apparent is.
But for thine heauenly fauour and thy grace,
Whereby on earth we runne an heauenly race,

Without

Without our ſtoring vp of earthly luggage,
Or ſpending carke and care in this poore druggage:
For this we ſtill muſt reſt to thee ingaged,
And with our ſelues be zealouſly inraged,
When euer we ſhall faile to honour thee:
Or not imbrace that glorious light we ſee.
And bleſſed Sauiour, which did'ſt feeling know
Our great neceſsity, and wants below,
Whoſe precious body felt both cold and heate,
And was refreſht with ſuch as we doe eate:
Thou knoweſt as God and man our penury,
And bidd'ſt vs pray Our Father for ſupply.
Helpe Lord to cure the body and the ſoule
Who of our weale th'ingredients doeſt holde:
Let vs not want the bodies maintenance,
That we our ſoules and ſpirits may aduance.
They weepe and laugh together liuing here
Vntill they part, and then we ſhall appeare
With ioyfull thankfulneſſe before thy face.
Till when, Oh let vs not our ſelues diſgrace
By ſad diſtruſt, or want of faith in thee,
Which at thy bleſſed leiſure wilt vs free.
Our Father, which hath giu'n vs thee for euer,
In worldly ſupplements will faile vs neuer.
We are thine heires, by thee we holde our right
To earthly things: in thee he doth delight,
And for thy ſake will not lay too much on vs,
But in due time beſtow his grace vpon vs:
That in our wants we may vpon him call,
And in our wealth we may not from him fall.
Not too too much our worldly meanes intending,
Or not at all ſome frugall courſe attending.

Our Father let vs keepe a moderation
In managing the course of our vocation:
And let vs duely craue thy blessing euer
Vpon our labour, and our poore endeauour.
As without thee no daily bread doth cherish:
So without thee doth daily labour perish.
Forgiue vs thy good creatures oft abusing,
Our want of thankfulnesse, and our refusing
To helpe the poore, when out of our excesse
We had no will the hungry to refresh.
If thou shouldst deale with vs, as we haue done,
By rule of iustice we were quite vndone.
Oh enter not into thy iudgement seat,
For mercy, not for iustice we intreat.
Yet if that iustice thou shouldst stand vpon,
Thy Sonne our punishment hath vndergone.
A strange example neuer seene before:
The greater is our debt to thee therefore.
fifth Our Father when we doe surueay th'account
tion. Twixt thee and vs, our debts to thee surmount
So farre all possibility to pay,
That they doe vs amaze, and quite dismay,
And we are like poore merchants in a boate
Which hauing lost their ship, and goods, doe floate
In danger of their liues vpon the seas,
Not knowing how their misery to ease.
If they come home, their credirors doe take them;
If they remaine at sea, the waues doe rake them
To certaine danger. In like case are wee,
If we haue sence our desperate case to see.
For if we duely ponder our first wracke
Of all our state, and th'horrour of thy checke,

VVhen first we put our will vnto the seas
Blowne with affection senceleſſe ſenſe to pleaſe
We, through forbidden curioſitie
Were then vndone in new diſcouery,
Left to deſpaire and death inceuitable,
Which any way to ſhunne we were not able.
And then to grieue vs, Satan ſtanding by
Triumphed in our finall miſery.
He, who before to vs a Pilot was
To bring vs to that miſerable paſſe,
Did afterward applaud his ſlye deuice
To throw vs headlong out of Paradiſe:
(As he with pride and inſolence o'regrowne
From higheſt heauen to loweſt hell was throwne.)
And (which is worſt) a iaylor he became
To carry vs into eternall ſhame,
Our ſinnes due merit, iuſt tranſgreſsions meede,
The thought whereof might make our hearts to bleede
But on thy Sabbath daies we glut with pleaſure
Our ſelues, or labour to increaſe our treaſure.
Not one of thy pure lawes we doe obſerue,
But from the ſame we wittingly doe ſwarue.
For naturall ſlips ſome colour may be ſought:
For crimes 'gainſt nature what plea can be brought?
Our roaring oathes vnto the heauens doe cry
For due reuenge, let's hide our ſelues, or fly
From that dread preſence, which cannot endure
Such wretched ſoules, ſo graceleſſe, and impure.
Can we ſurmiſe thou ſhould'ſt our prayers heare?
And from our oathes ſhould'ſt turne away thine eare?
Shall we contemne thine oracles diuine?
And wilt thou to our filly ſuites incline?

A father will not father ſuch a childe,
As doth degenerate, and waxeth wilde.
There's nothing hid from thine all-ſeeing eye:
And ſince our ſecret thoughts thou doeſt eſpy,
Our accuſation thou mayeſt more inlarge,
And couch a thouſand crimes within our charge:
As ſecret Atheiſme and hypocriſie,
Our ſelfe-conceit, and endleſſe vanity,
Which in the beſt doe raigne, which ſeeme preciſe:
Thou knoweſt them (Lord) though they themſelues diſ-guiſe.
But for the vulgar rabble, who can ſound
Their helliſh thoughts, and treaſons moſt profound?
With witches, wizzards and th'infernall traine
They ioyne themſelues; that fire from heauen might raine,
If thou ſhould'ſt be reuengefull as we are,
VVhen any doth our reputations marre.
But thou haſt giu'n vs th'earth and all therein;
Fruits, graine, and beaſts, the ſea, and all that ſwimme
Within the waters of ſuch ſeuerall kinds,
That we enioying theſe, might raiſe our minds,
And vſing theſe for neceſſary foode,
Might praiſe thy name for theſe thy creatures good;
Shunning foule drunkenneſſe and gluttony,
To which ſo many doe themſelues apply,
That they waxe fat, and reſtiffe daily prooue;
And this is all the guerdon for thy loue.
For luxury and ſuch offences follow,
As Sodom did in endleſſe ruine ſwallow.
Beſides theſe lower fauours, th'heau'ns doe ſpread,
Like ſpangled curtaines o're our ſinfull head,
In which ſo many glorious lights doe ſhine
By day and night t' inlighten our poore eyne:

VVhich

VVhich neuer faile vs, but doe keepe their course,
The best and worthiest creatures serue the worse.
And which is more, the Angels doe vs gard,
And ouer vs doe keepe both watch and ward.
Sometimes their troupes our mortall eyes haue seene,
When we in danger and in feare haue beene.
One of these champions th'Assyrian army chased,
And all their power and glory quite defaced:
VVhere many thousands in one night were slaine.
Against but one was all resistance vaine.
But shall we leaue these vnresisted powres,
Which are thy champions, and fast friends of ours
To serue and saue vs still at thy command,
And which against our enemies doe band.
Oh let vs looke vp to thy mercy seat,
Which ouer all thy workes is most compleat.
And let vs thinke of thine admired loue,
When thy deare Son from heauen thou did'st remoone
T'abase himselfe, and dignifie our nature
By taking flesh and blood, and humane feature:
VVhereby for vs a ransome he might giue
By suffering death, that we in him might liue:
Emptying himselfe of all his power and glory,
To beare our sinnes, for which we are not sorry.
And still we fare as thankelesse persons doe,
As if we knew not what belongs thereto.
Some call vpon our Sauiour Christ his mother:
And some bestow their Orisons on other.
So wretches we are sacrilegious euer,
When thy true worship from thy selfe we seuer.
For Saints and Angels haue from thee perfection:
All what they haue, and stand by the reflection

Of thine high pleasure. Some proud Angels fell
From th'highest heau'ns vnto the depth of hell:
Which being fallen thou did'st not relieue;
Nor for their pride a pardon did'st thou giue:
As vnto vs thou oftentimes hast done,
When with our teares thy fauour we haue wonne.
The blessed Angels are not more preferred,
Though they haue done thy will, and we haue erred.
So that no mercy doth belong vnto vs,
But that in iustice thou might'st quite vndoe vs.
This is our case, and worse (if worse may bee)
Yet in this case, Thou Father set'st vs free.
Our heauenly Father how doest thou exceede
All earthly fathers in the time of neede?
Their willes and fauours are not alwaies ready,
Nor is their loue perpetually steady.
Their power doth still come short of what they would;
The richest fathers faile, when least they should.
But thou our heauenly Father art of power,
By meanes, besides meanes, without meanes each houre
All to relieue which vnto thee belong,
Which by vnequall giuing doest not wrong.
And thy great loue to thine doth farre exceede
Both men, and all things which the world doth breede.
The Pelican doth make the best resemblance,
Of thy great loue to put vs in remembrance:
Yet doth the tender Pelican come short
Of thy great loue, when we shall make report:
The Pelican doth feede hers with her blood,
By them at all none ill is vnderstood:
But we offend euen without intermission,
And yet our Lord did bleed for our remission:

His

His agony made blood forc't through his pores,
And flowed from his wounds, his stripes, his sores,
Vntill he drouped, and his death did follow,
Which sinne, death, hell by victory did swallow.
If actors on the stage did reliques keepe
Of their dead children forcing them to weepe,
When they in acting some extreame distresse
A dolefull passion liuely would expresse:
Let Christians thinke on this, and poure forth teares,
That God and man still in his body beares
The scarres and markes of his most bitter passion:
Because on vs (poore vs) thou had'st compassion
Our Father deare what shall we giue or render
Vnto thy sacred name? what can we tender
But tis thine owne? if we relieue the poore,
And vnto thine doe good, we doe restore
But what thou gau'st vs vpon that condition:
And thou hast promised the full fruition
Of better things, then what we haue below,
Which of thy bounty thou doest oft bestow
Vpon thine enemies: storing better things
For them that loue thee (Father) King of Kings.
If for thy name and truth we loose our liues,
Hereby the soule in heauen the better thriues.
Thus doe thy mercies second one another:
Oh that we could doe so vnto our brother,
Striuing to helpe him vpon all occasions:
Not to pursue him with furious inuasions.
Great are our debts, great are our wrongs to thee,
No day nor houre from these we can be free:
But must still pray that thou wilt vs acquit,
As we to others doe our doits remit.

VVhich if we doe not, thou wilt turne away
Thy glorious face from vs, when we doe pray.
Nor ſhall we dare before our Lord appeare,
When he ſhall iudge vs and our actions heare.
His new and laſt commandement was loue,
VVherein he was moſt eminent aboue
All paralell: for ſo the world he loued,
That he thereby was in compaſsion moued
T'expoſe his life a ranſome for the ſame,
VVhich otherwiſe was loſt in endleſſe ſhame.
Then let vs loue, and pray thou wilt relieue,
Acquiting vs, as others we forgiue.
Let's iudge our ſelues, leſt we be iudged of thee,
And by the rule we mete, we meaſured be.

ſixt tion.

Now Father we muſt tremble at the ſight
Of hideous dangers, which doe vs affright:
VVe ſee our enemies armed troupes faſt by,
VVe likewiſe feare ſome hidden treachery.
Helpe vs (Our Father when we daily cloſe,
Both with our outward and our inward foes.
How can we any way our ſelues exempt
From him, that durſt our bleſſed Sauiour tempt?
And from ſo many millions on his part,
VVhich compaſſe ſea and land to make vs ſtart
From thine obedience, and our loyalty
Due to thee (Father) and our King on high:
VVithout whoſe loue and guard we are like ſheepe
Amongſt the wolues; then let vs ioy and weepe:
Ioy in our kingly Fathers loue and power:
VVeepe that we doe not praiſe him euery houre:
VVhereby we wrong our ſelues, and ope the gate
To our beſiegers, which with deadly hate

VVould

Would doe ſuch bloody execution on vs,
As all the world could not inflict vpon vs.
Our Father what's the ground of Satans rage,
Who ranks his troups in fearfull equipage
Againſt poore man: a combate moſt vnev'ne,
That euer on an earthly field was ſeene.
Twixt great *Goliah*, and the ſhepheard King,
(Of whoſe true valour all the world did ring)
The oddes was not ſo great, though great it was,
And that the Giant farre did *Dauid* paſſe
In hugeneſſe, armour, and in chiualrie,
Whereby he thought to gaine the victory:
But Satan's full of ſubtilty and power,
A roaring Lion ſeeking to deuoure.
When that our earthly enemies get the field,
Or that a towne or fort to them doth yeeld,
Which long hath beene beſiedged and coſt deare,
Yet in ſurrender mercy doth appeare.
And if the weaker will by no meanes yeeld,
Vntill the ſtronger gaine the fort or field;
Whereby the conquerour loſt much time and ſtrength:
Yet when he winnes the victory at length,
The heate being ſpent in fury of the fight,
To kill in cold blood he takes no delight:
But with his fauchion in his warlike hand,
VVith proclamation doth giue ſtrict command,
On paine of death his ſouldiers ſhall forbeare
To ſpill more blood: ſuch pity men doe beare
One to the other, and doe oft commend
Their valorous enemies fighting till the end.
But Satan doth enuy the worth of any,
And 'tis his ioy to worke the fall of many:

Euen

Euen thoſe which doe thy ſoueraignty decline,
And thoſe which vnto him themſelues reſigne,
With fetters ſtrong he dayly doth inthrall,
And doth diſcourage them on thee to call,
Foreſtalling them in dilatory faſhion:
Leſt thou Our Father out of thy compaſsion
Should'ſt bow thine eare, and lend thy help vnto them
And reſcue them from him, that would vndo them.
Sometimes with baits of pleaſure he allures them,
Sometimes t' vnlawfull gaine he doth inure them:
Sometimes with glittering honour he inflames them,
And for a ſober vertuous life he blames them,
Contrary ſtill vnto thy pure command
His motions doe in oppoſition ſtand.
He neuer reſteth to inſnare our ſoules,
And at our death all comfort he controules:
If beauty, fauour, comelineſſe we ſee
In any creature, praiſe is due to thee.
But Satan labours to traduce our loue
Vnto thy creature, from the Lord aboue;
And when hee hath vs in this ſort o'retaken,
He doth obiect our Lord we haue forſaken.
If to reuenge he euer did prouoke,
He threatens vs with heauens reuengefull ſtroke;
And that Our Father will not pardon thoſe,
Which in their life-time malice did diſcloſe.
He firſt doth terme our patience cowardice,
And vnto enmity doth vs intice,
And with ſuggeſting many wrongs deceiues vs,
Reuenge he valour cals, and neuer leaues vs
Till hearts, or hands with blood we doe defile:
Thus doth he play the ſubtill Crocodile,

And by his wiles doth bring vs to his power,
Then like a monſter he doth vs deuoure.
His malice is againſt thine image in vs,
And from thy kingdome he doth daily winne vs;
Why ſhould his malice ouermatch thy grace?
Why ſhould this Fiend thine image thus deface?
Helpe vs (Our Father) in this fearfull tryall,
Leſt in our ieopardy we make deniall
Of thee our champion, and our beſt defence,
Miſled by Sathan through his falſe pretence.
The world he doth to vanity induce,
And by the multitudes example doth ſeduce
Such as ſhould be examples to the reſt,
And ſuch as are with faire endowments bleſt.
He maketh ſtates of perſons eminent,
When he hath brought them to his wretched bent.
The windowes of our ſoules he doth abuſe,
So that we chuſe the ill, and good refuſe.
The eye our ſtarre, our light, our glaſſe of ſeeing,
Made to behold thy ſtately works in beeing;
And put vs in remembrance of thy power,
Thy wiſedome, goodnes, bounty euery houre:
How doth it draw, how is it drawne aſide?
How fearfully doth Satan vs miſguide?
Our Father deare we haue both ſeene and knowne,
That higheſt Potentates haue beene o'rethrowne,
By outward gloſſe of inward putrifaction:
Whereby the ſoule hath taken ſuch infection,
That euen in old age luſt could not be left,
Vntill the body was of life bereft.
When as the ſight is dimme and dull by yeares:
Yet in the heart concupiſcence appeares.

So that thoſe rayes, which ſhould raiſe our deuotion,
Firſt vnto luſt ſuggeſt a formall motion.
VVhen once the eye hath taken an impreſsion,
And made the ſoule giue way to ſoule tranſgreſsion:
Then doth our luſt ſtill borne, though fuell faileth,
And farre beyond all reaſon it preuaileth.
So that we ſhould offend eternally,
If thou with life ſo long ſhould'ſt vs ſupply.
Hence vnto vs eternall paine is due,
Except thy grace our better thoughts renew.
Our Father as the Eagle caſts her bill
VVhereby her age renewes: So let vs fill
Our luſtfull eyes with true repentant teares,
And let vs ſtop our oft bewitched eares
From Satans call, when by ſome pleaſing ſonnd,
And charmes from hell, he would vs quite confound.
And let vs guard our ſenſe of taſte and feeling,
Leſt he by them doe ſet our ſoules a reeling.
Our kingly Father, thou art King alone,
Power, glory, maieſty attend thy throne.
Thou onely canſt relieue and ſet vs free,
VVhen any way we ſhall engaged bee.
How can we liue? how can we ſtand without thee?
We are conſtrain'd to pitch our tents about thee.
If thou looke on and ſee thy people ſlaine,
Led captiues, ſcorn'd, to whom ſhall we complaine,
But vnto thee, Our Father and our King?
Thy loue and power muſt vs from bondage bring:
Elſe are we the vnhappieſt of all creatures,
Of the moſt vgly and deformed features:
They die, and reſt; we die, and liue againe,
To be the ſubiects of eternall paine.

Our heauenly Father, let not men excell thee
In tender loue: nor let that fiend expell thee
From thy poore earthly temple: Shew thy power
Great Lord of hoasts, else Satan will deuour.
We pray, Our Father hallowed be thy Name: 1
Satan endeauours to deprane the same.
We pray that thou in vs maist alwaies reigne: 2
He countermines thee, helpe when we complaine.
VVe pray to thee, thy blessed will be done: 3
He doth diuert vs when we haue begunne.
VVe pray giue vs this day our daily bread: 4
He to vnlawfull meanes doth vs mislead.
When for remitting of our debts we call, 5
He keepes vs backe, and mercy would forestall.
VVhen in our tryals we thine ayd implore, 6
He doth assault vs euery day the more:
He bids vs first presume, and then despaire:
Daigne Lord to helpe vs, and our harmes repaire.
Our heauenly Father if thou please to proue vs,
As earthly fathers doe, when most they loue vs:
Let not thy silly champions be left
Vnto themselues, lest they be soone bereft
Both of their naturall and heauenly life:
Let vs not perish in that in that deadly strife:
Oh let vs liue by faith, and hold thee fast,
Till we this vale of misery haue past.
If we must sow in teares, let's reape in ioy.
And for thine honour keepe vs from annoy.
VVe vse the prayer of our elder brother,
He is our blessed Sauiour, and none other.

His

His onely Name we vse for our accesse,
His onely Name we vse for our redresse:
He hath indur'd the burden of our paine:
Oh doe not punish sinne in vs againe.
Then shall thy Church thy glory striue to raise,
And with thy Saints and Angels sing thy praise.

Soli trinoni Deo laus, & gloria, Amen.

FINIS.